

After him (Fellowes) bring him to the block.
Pro. Now Sir, how do you finde the prisoner?
Duke. A creature vnpre-par'd, vnmeet for death,
 And to transport him in the minde he is,
 Were damnable.

Pro. Heere in the prison, Father,
 There died this morning of a cruell Feauor,
 One *Ragozine*, a most notorious Pirate,
 A man of *Claudio's* yeares; his beard, and head
 Iust of his colour. What if we do omit
 This Reprobate, til he were wel enclin'd;
 And satisfie the Deputie with the visage
 Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio*?

Duke. Oh, 'tis an accident that heauen prouides:
 Dispatch it presently, the houre drawes on
 Prefix by *Angelo*: See this be done,
 And sent according to command, whilos I
 Perswade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Pro. This shall be done (good Father) presently:
 But *Barnardine* must die this afternoone,
 And how shall we continue *Claudio*,
 To saue me from the danger that might come,
 If he were knowne alive?

Duke. Let this be done,
 Put them in secret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*,
 Ere twice the Sun hath made his iournall greeting
 To yond generation, you shal finde
 Your safetie manifested.

Pro. I am your free dependant. *Exit.*

Duke. Quicke, dispatch, and send the head to *Angelo*
 Now will I write Letters to *Angelo*,
 (The Prouost he shal beare them) whose contents
 Shal witnesse to him I am neere at home:
 And that by great Inunctions I am bound
 To enter publikely: him Ile desire
 To meet me at the consecrated Fount,
 A League below the Citie: and from thence,
 By cold gradation, and weale-ballanc'd forme,
 We shal proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter Frowst.

Pro. Heere is the head, Ile carrie it my selfe.

Duke. Conuenient is it: Make a swift returne,
 For I would commune with you of such things,
 That want no care but yours.

Pro. Ile make all speede. *Exit.*

Isabell within.

Isa. Peace hoa, be heere.

Duke. The tongue of *Isabell*. She's come to know,
 If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
 But I will keepe her ignorant of her good,
 To make her heavenly comforts of dispaire,
 When it is least expected.

Enter Isabell.

Isa. Hoa, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, faire, and gracious
 daughter.

Isa. The better giuen me by so holy a man,
 Hath yet the Deputie sent my brothers pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, *Isabell*, from the world,
 His head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.

Isa. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other,

Shew your wisdom daughter in your close patience.

Isa. Oh, I wil to him, and plucke out his eyes.

Duke. You shal not be admitted to his sight.

Isa. Vnhappie *Claudio*, wretched *Isabell*,

Iniurious world, most damned *Angelo*.

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot,
 Forbeare it therefore, giue your cause to heauen,
 Marke what I say, which you shal finde
 By every fillable a faithful veritie.

The Duke comes home to morrow: nay drie your eyes,
 One of our Couent, and his Confessor
 Giues me this instance: Already he hath carried
 Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*.

Who do prepare to meete him at the gates, (dome,
 There to giue vp their powre: If you can pace your wif-
 In that good path that I would wish it go,
 And you shal haue your bosome on this wretch,

Grace of the Duke, reuenges to your heart,
 And general Honor.

Isa. I am directed by you.

Duke. This Letter then to Friar *Peter* giue,
 'Tis that he sent me of the Dukes returne:
 Say, by this token, I desire his companie
 At *Mariana's* house to night. Her cause, and yours
 Ile perfect him withall, and he shal bring you
 Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo*
 Accuse him home and home. For my poore selfe,
 I am combin'd by a sacred Vow,
 And shall be absent. Wend you with this Letter:
 Command these fretting waters from your eyes
 With a light heart; trust not my holie Order
 If I peruert your course: whose heere?

Enter Lucio.

Luc. Good'euen;

Frier, where's the Prouost?

Duke. Not within Sir.

Luc. Oh prettie *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart, to
 see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient; I am faine
 to dine and sup with water and bran: I dare not for my
 head fill my belly. One fruitful Meale would ser mee
 too't: but they say the Duke will be heere to Morrow.
 By my troth *Isabell* I lou'd thy brother, if the olde fan-
 tastical Duke of darke corners had bene at home, he had
 liued.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marueilous little beholding
 to your reports, but the best is, he liues not in them.

Luc. Frier, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I
 do: he's a better woodman then thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well: you'l answer this one day, Fare ye well.

Luc. Nay tarrie, Ile go along with thee,

I can tel thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You haue told me too many of him already fit
 if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a Wench
 with childe.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Luc. Yes marrie did I; but I was faine to forswear it,
 They would else haue married me to the rotten Medler.

Duke. Sir your companie is fairer then honest, rest you
 well.

Lucio. By my troth Ile go with thee to the lanes end:
 if baudy talke offend you, we'l haue very litle of it: nay
 Frier, I am a kind of Burre, I shal sticke. *Exeunt*

Enter Angelo & Escalus.

Esf. Every Letter he hath writ, hath dislouch'd other.

Ang.

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Ang.

An. In most vneuen and distracted manner, his actions
 show much like to madnesse, pray heauen his wisdom
 bee not tainted: and why meet him at the gates and re-
 liuer ou rauthorities there?

Esf. I ghesse not.

Ang. And why should wee proclaim it in an howre
 before his entring, that if any craue redresse of iniustice,
 they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Esf. He shewes his reason for that: to haue a dispatch
 of Complaints, and so deliuer vs from deuices heere-
 after, which shall then haue no power to stand against
 vs.

Ang. Well: I beseech you let it bee proclaim'd be-
 times i'th' morne, Ile call you at your house: giue notice
 to such men of fort and suite as are to meete him.

Esf. I shal fir: fareyouwell. *Exit.*

Ang. Good night.

This deede vnshap me quite, makes me vnpregnant
 And dull to all proceedings. A deflowred maid,
 And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
 The Law against it? But that her tender shame
 Will not proclaim against her maiden losse,

How might she tongue me? yet reason dares her no,
 For my Authority beares of a credent bulke,
 That no particular scandall once can touch
 But it confounds the breather. He should haue liu'd,
 Saue that his riotous youth with dangerous sense
 Might in the times to come haue ta'ne reuenge
 By so receiving a dishonor'd life
 With ransome of such shame: would yet he had liued,
 Alack, when once our grace we haue forgot,
 Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not. *Exit.*

Enter Duke, Varrin, and Frier Peter.

Duke. These Letters at fit time deliuer me,
 The Prouost knowes our purpose and our plot,
 The matter being a foote, keepe your instruction
 And hold you euer to our speciall drift,
 Though sometimes you doe blench from this to that
 As cause doth minister: Goe call at *Flavia's* house,
 And tell him where I stay: giue the like notice
 To *Valencius*, *Rowland*, and to *Craesus*,
 And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate:
 But send me *Flavius* first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well.

Enter Varrin.

Duke. I thank thee *Varrin*, thou hast made good hast,
 Come, we will walke: There's other of our friends
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Isab. Besides he

He speake against m

I should not thinke

That's bitter, to swe

En

Mar. I would F

Isab. Oh peace,

Peter. Come I h

Where you may ha

He shall not passe y

Twice haue the Tru

The generous, and g

Haue hent the gates

The Duke is entring

Therefore hence aw

Actus Quintus

Enter Duke, Varrin, and Frier Peter.

Duk. My very v

Our old, and faithfu

Ang. Happy

Duk. Many and

We haue made enq

Such goodnesse of y

Cannot but yeeld y

Forerunning more r

Ang. You make

Duk. Oh your del

To locke it in the w

When it deserues w

A fortified residence

And razure of obliu

And let the Subiect

That outward curte

Fauours that keepe

You must walke by

And good supporter

Enter Pe

Peter. Now is yo

Speake loud, and kno

Isab. Iustice, O r

Vpon a wrong'd (I

Oh worthy Prince, o

By throwing it on a

Till you haue heard

And giuen me Iustic

Duk. Relate your

In what, by whom?

Here is Lord *Angelo*

Reuale your selfe to

Isab. Oh worthy